THE RICHMAN's WARNING-PIECE; OR, THE Oppreſſed INFANTS IN GLORY.

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THE Rich Man's Warning-Piece

Here obſerve, the antient Father on his Death-Bed, giving the Farmer ſtrict Charge of his dear Children.

YOU rich Men all that do in London dwell,
Give ear unto this ſtory which I do tell,
And be content with what the Lord has gave,
To wrong the Poor beſure you no way Crave.

In READING Town a Farmer liv'd of late,
Who had a very plentiful Eſtate:
Yet he to covet more was always ſeen,
Alas! he loſt his Soul for ſake of Gain.

A wealthy inn keeper there lived near,
Who had indeed two lovely infants dear;
But he by cruel death was ſnatch'd away,
Leaving theſe babies fatherleſs, they ſay;

Upon his Death-Bed, for a Truth we hear,
He for this Farmer ſends with many a Tear.
Saying, kind Sir, I now do leave to you
My worldly Store begging you to be true.

Behold the Delivery of the Children to the cruel, covetous, and Bloody-Minded Farmer.

BE kind to theſe, my tender Infants dear,
I leave my ſon Three-Hundreds Pound a Year.
And to my Daughter that's of Beauteous mold.
I leave to her Two-Thouſand Pounds in Gold.

But if they Die e'er they of age do come
What I leave them, ſhall fairly be thy own.
So by my Infants do the thing that's fair,
They were my Pride and all my worldly care.

Then ſaid the Farmer, Sir, pray be Content,
For if that I e'er wrong the Innocent,
Heaven deſtroy my Subſtance; and my Soul
For evermore in endleſs Torments howl.

So for theſe Infants dear, he ſent ſtraitway.
Heaven preſerve my Babes, he then did ſay.
To Almighty GOD I do you Recommend,
And ſo Deliver'd them unto his Friend.

Mark how he agrees with a barbarous Nurſe to ſtarve the Ch

THE Inn-keeper being laid in the Grave,
The Miſer for the Children's Gold did crave.
And now to Work their ends he ſeeks a Way,
Thus Innocence he baſely did Betray.

A Nurſe he ſeeks, liv'd Fifteen Miles from Town,
There the Inn-keepers Daughter and Son
He ſent to Nurſe, unto a wretch ſevere,
Who cruelly us'd theſe ſweet Infants dear.

This Farmer gave her Twenty Pounds in Hand,
And more ſhe was to have as we Underſtand,
If without diſgrace to him ſhe could Contrive,
Theſe Babes ſo Innocent to Starve alive.

This Nurſe ſhe took this cruel Deed in Hand,
Within a little Time we Underſtand,
For want of Food theſe lovely Children dear,
Began to look both Pale and want we hear.

Now mind how the poor Children fly to the Woods, where they eat the Fruit of the Trees,

O Nurse give us some Bread, they of did Cry.
Or else with Hunger great we soon shall Die,
But she was Deaf to all their piteous Cries,
Nor Bread enough to keep them both alive
The Son he aged was but Seven Years,
The Daughter Five, as for a Truth we hear.
Alas! poor Babes, their Fate was very hard,
Tho' Wealth enough, to Death they must be Starv'd.
One Day the Boy unto his Sister said,
Come Sister dear, let us go seek for Bread;
So Hand in Hand they wander'd both away,
At length they came unto a Wood, they say
They being tir'd upon the Ground they set.
'Till silent Night came on, and then they wept.
Heavy with Sleep they gently laid them down,
The Ground it serv'd instead of Bed of Down.

How one of the Children died, and how they were found by a Gentleman riding a Hunting.

THUS in Distress these tender Infants Lay,
'Till Day light came, when having lost the Way
With Hunger great the Girl next Day did Die.
Then greater was the Boys extremity.
Alas! poor Babe he wrung his Hands and Cry'd,
Oh! I do wish my Father had not Dy'd.
The Grass he pull'd, and eat it as he fat,
Then by his Sister laid him down and wept.

A Gentleman a Hunting chanc'd to ride,
Where to his great ſurprize the Babes he eſpy'd;
And hearing of the piteous Moan he made,
He ſtep'd unto the Child and thus he ſaid.

How came you hear, Child, pray let me know?
Who are your Friends? and whither would you go
Is that your Siſter that lies by you here?
The Child he could not ſpeak for bitter Tears.

Behold the poor Children's Funeral, who were both buried in one Grave.

UNTO an Inn he took the Child ſtraitway,
Telling how the other Dead then lay;
At length the Child began to them to ſpeak,
And ſo his ſad Misfortunes did relate.

How by his cruel Nurſe he Starved were,
And how to ſeek for Bread they wander'd there:
How in that loneſome Wood they loſt their Way,
Where then his tender Siſter ſhe did lay.

But of his Parentage he little knew,
Nor who caus'd the Misfortune he went through.
He was but Seven years of age, we hear,
So had no Senſe the Truth for to declare.

They gave him Food his ſpirits to revive,
And us'd all means to keep this Child alive.
But all in vain, to Death he yielded ſoon.
So both within one Grave they did entomb.

Obſerve the covetous Farmer upon his Bed, tormented with horrid Dreams and Apparitions.

BUT now, you miſers, and all thoſe that do
Oppreſs the Poor, my Subject liſten to:
See how the mighty God doth bring to light
The Deed that hateful is within his ſight.

The Nurſe miſſing the Children ſtrait did go,
Unto the Farmer, to ſee if he did know
What was become of them, for they were fled,
The farmer ſaid, I hope they both are Dead.

And if in two Month's Time they come no more,
I ſhall reward you as I ſaid before.
So after them make noinquiry pray,
It is no Matter where they gone aſtray.

This ill got Gain it did him little Good,
As to the World it was plainly Underſtood.
For he no Reſt upon his Bed could take.
From frightful Dreams he oftimes would awake.

Mark the cruel Farmer's Funeral, being buried while he lay in a Trance.

THIS fill'd his ſoul with anguiſh, and his mind.
So on a bed of Sickneſs we him find.
In ſickneſs ſore for Ten Days ſpace he lay,
With ſad tormented Conſcience Night and Day.

Then as all Thought this Man did yield to Death
In ſumptuous ſort he was laid in the Earth.

Where he Four Days within the Grave did lie,
Another corpſe his Body was put by.
The Grave-digger he heard the dismal moan
Of ſighs and groans within the ſilent Ground,
So in a fright to the People he did go.
That they the meaning of this Thing might know.
They broke the Coffin open where they ſee
A ſpectacle! a Man of miſery;
Crying ſave me, ſave me from the mighty rod,
And heavy Scourge of my offended God.

SOON after they convey'd him to his Bed,
And ſending for a Miniſter, 'tis ſaid,
Who when he ſaw, he out aloud did Cry
I am ruin'd Sir, to all Eternity.
The Infants dear that I had in my care,
I baſely ſtarv'd to Death I do declare,
For the ſake of Gain. Now all the Wealth I have
I'd freely give ſo that I could but have
Some ſpace of Time for to Repent,
But when from hence my wandering Soul it went
I like a Dog was hurried to and fro'
By fiends who dragg'd me to the gulph of War.

Which was we once poor Mortals for to ſee,
They'd ſoon reform and ſhun all Vanity,
They'd never ſtrive the Poor for to oppreſs,
Nor wrong the Widow nor the Fatherleſs.

Mark how the Farmer tells the Manner of his Viſion to the Miniſter.

THREE Perſons who had liv'd in ſplendor great,
Unto the Miniſter he did relate,
Some Things which had of them to him been told,
Deſiring him the ſame for to unfold.

As they were pulling me into their Den,
My frighted ſenſes did return again,
I am ſent to the Rich for to relate,
Without Repentance what will be their Fate,

Souls roaring in the Flames, I there did hear,
And as my Soul ſtood trembling there for fear,
Into the hotteſt Place they dragg'd me in,
Where I this Day muſt now return again.

They took me then unto my bitter Grief,
And ſhew'd me thoſe Babes wanting no relief,
Array'd in Robes that whiter were than ſnow,
With Crowns of Gold were walking to and fro.

ALL innocence did in their Face appear,
They ſung ſweet Hymns unto their Saviour dear
In vain, alas! I now for Mercy Cry,
I muſt return unto my miſery.

Then roaring out with Pain, he did Depart
Leaving his Friends oppreſt with grief of Heart.
I hope this will a warning be to all,
That hear his wretched End and diſmal Fall.

It is a mighty Cuſtom now become,
The Poor to hunt like Dogs about the town;
Rich men conſider what our Saviour dear,
Does ſay againſt the Rich that are ſevere.

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